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NECKWEAR

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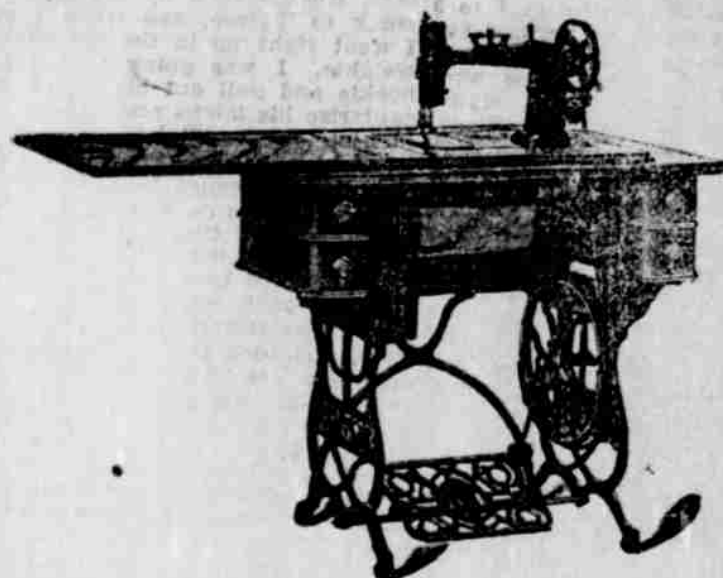
It's not how much money a man pays for his clothes that makes him well dressed, but it's what he gets for his money. At the Kash you always get the most of the best for the least.

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## ASADA & Co.

HOTEL STREET.

## ARLINGTON TO CLOSE

September Will See Its Finish.

## END OF FAMOUS HOUSE

Alexander Young's Plans for New Building Mean its Speedy Demolition.

On September 1 the dining-room of the Arlington Hotel will be closed and about the 9th of that month Manager Thos. E. Krouse intends to auction off everything in the hotel and vacate the premises forever. This is in accordance with the terms of the sale of the McGrew property and the preparations for building the new street from Hotel to King in which the Bishop Estate is largely interested. A strip of land thirty feet wide will be given by the Bishop Estate to the new street, Alexander Young contributing a like strip, making a fine street sixty feet in width, with twelve-foot sidewalks.

After the auction of his hotel effects Manager Krouse will occupy the Arlington Annex on Hotel street, on which he has a lease for fourteen months longer. The closing up of the Arlington Hotel next month practically ends the long and famous career of the building which once was the dwelling place of Bernice Pauahi Bishop. In its palmy days the residence was the scene of many an important social function and many will be the regrets when the workman's pick attacks its walls. It is contemplated to rear in its place a handsome, modern structure.

When the Alexander Young building is completed, taking in the entire frontage on the new street and extending also on Hotel and King streets, there will be many features connected with it which will give Honolulu the reputation of having as fine a hotel as can be found anywhere in the Western States. The Alexander Young block will be six stories in height at the Hotel and King street corners. Between these two portions the building will be only four stories high. The ground floor is to be occupied by stores. The six-story portion on the corner of Hotel and the new street will probably be leased by Mr. Krouse and be made into a first-class hotel. He has the refusal of that portion of the block. The fourth story of the central section will also be leased and used partly as the dining-room of the hotel and partly as a roof garden for the general public, where in all probability music and refreshments will be the evening's features. There is on foot a plan to lease a portion of this roof garden to be fitted up as a theater or music hall, but this matter will rest until the return of Mr. Young from the Coast. The music hall would be conducted much on the order of the music hall in the top story of the Masonic Temple, Chicago. It is the intention to locate the kitchen, pantries and storage rooms of the hotel on the sixth story of the corner building, nearly all modern hotels having adopted this plan.

Mr. Young has been endeavoring to secure property for a right of way leading from Alakea street to the rear of the new building, so that all goods for the stores, baggage, and, in fact, everything that goes into or leaves the building can be operated from the rear instead of using the street. This right of way will be wide enough to permit the passage of two vehicles. The Arlington Hotel is not directly in the way of the new street, only the verandas and two or three feet on the Waikiki wing. This will be shaved off in the process of street cutting.

M. Monnier, the well-known French Asiatic traveler, vouches for the truth of the following story of how his friend, a traveled Oriental and man of means and refinement, was on one occasion sorely victimized. Hop Sing lived in the Street of the Roasted Corn, an unsavory and as ill-paved a street as any in all Peking. The local mandarin was an intimate friend of his, and Hop Sing availed himself of this friendship to press the mandarin to have the street repaved. Certainly! At once. The men would be at work on it before Hop Sing had returned home. A week passed; then another visit, and so on, until, in despair, Hop Sing determined to have the street repaved at his own expense. The work was satisfactorily completed. The surprise of Hop Sing was only equaled by his indignation when, on awaking one morning, he found a gang of coolies upheaving the newly flagged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarin's own lips that the men were there at his orders. "You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin, "I am expecting the head inspector round here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."

At a disadvantage: "David was a good fighter," said the professional pugilist, "but he had some hard luck." "You mean the David who slew Goliath?" "Yes; he could have made a mint of money out of that fight if moving pictures had only been invented then."—Washington Star.

A country paper has this personal item: "Those who know old Mr. Wilson, of this place, personally will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."—Tit-Bits.

Homer: Somebody in Massachusetts tried to draw "Homer's Eyelid" from a public library. Perhaps he thought it was a companion work to "Homer's Odd-I-see."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moore "A.A." Whiskey. It is the best and purest whiskey made and is sold by Lovejoy & Co., Honolulu.

## HE TOOLED THE VOLCANO FOUR

(Continued from Page 1.)

alligator pears and cigarettes and things to the crew, I dropped into the boat under cover of the darkness while the Kanaka was doing his peddling forward. I crawled under a tarpaulin that the Kanaka had spread over his goods up in the eyes of the bumboat, and after a while he hopped in and pushed off, without dreaming that he had a passenger. When he had beached his bumboat—there are no docks in Hilo—and I rose up in the darkness, shrouded in the tarpaulin, the way that Kanaka threw himself face downward on the sand and prayed out loud to the Kanaka Goddess Pele—who is supposed to preside over the volcanic fire-works of Hawaii—was real religious and impressive.

"That night I walked the natural palm avenues, wondering what they were doing in all the flats I knew in New York, and thinking about the good things, solid and liquid, in the \$7.98 refrigerators in all the flats I knew in New York, while the big stars of that latitude rubbernecked at me and threatened—they seemed so close—to come right down and hit me a few.

"About 7 o'clock the next morning I was slouching by a big livery stable on the main street of Hilo, when a man who was sitting in a chair in front of the livery stable office looked up and passed me the nod.

"Hello," said he, "when did you drop in?"

"I told him how I'd slipped in under the harbor guns, so to speak, the night before, informing him that I'd been shanghaied, and incidentally remarking that the next time I went to sea I'd be sitting at either the right or left hand side of the skipper, so's I could josh him during meals.

"The motion of a ship in the part I've been riding in during the last eighteen days depletes my system," I added.

"Say, do you think you could drive four horses?" the man in the chair in front of the livery stable, who was the boss, as I afterward found out, asked me. "I couldn't think of driving less'n eight," I told him.

"Know something about horses, then?" said he.

"Did I know anything about horses? Did I know anything else but things about horses at 1 to 20 on to 20 to 1 against?"

"Because I guess I can give you a job, Pub," says this livery stable boss, "you think you can handle a four-horse team." "Then he told me that he sent a four-horse coach filled with tourists up to the Burning Lake of Kilauea—about thirty miles up on the side of the volcano of Mauna Loa—every morning, but that his driver had embarked upon a massive saki drunk the night before after fetching the coach down on the return trip, and wasn't liable to show up for some days.

"Two hours later I had the four lines in my mitt, and was sitting on the seat of the coach like as if it was all mine—a Kanaka boy beside me to point out the right road for me—and about twenty swell tourists inside the coach, all bound for Peter Lee's Volcano House, which stands on the brink of that lively crater that's called the burning Lake of Kilauea.

I came near hopping off the seat and cutting for it when I first came in sight of that devilish hole in the earth, with the flame and smoke and vapor rising and falling in it like a pulse, and I concluded right there and then that the best stone spells that were handed to me when I was a kid at Sunday school were all right, all right, and on the level. But I pulled the coach up in front of the Volcano House, after a six-hour tug, with whip a-cracking and colors flying, and the folks inside the coach calling me Hank Monk and other old-time stage drivers' names like that—for the road from Hilo to the Burning Lake isn't any Speedway, by a lot.

"I drove 'em down and back to Hilo the next day, and those tourists all plugged so hard for me that the livery stable boss told me I could have the coach-driving job permanently at \$30 a month and found, if I wanted it. Well, it costs \$30 to come up from Honolulu in a first-class, per steamship, and I wouldn't have come back to 'Frisco any other way if I'd had to stay in Hilo—or on the leper island of Molokai, for that matter—for the rest of my life; and another \$100, at least, from 'Frisco to New York. Oh, yes, I wanted the job.

"Voy-lah! as that Ollendorf fellow says. I drove that coach from Hilo to the Burning Lake and back for two months, and I'd probably have driven it for another two months, so's to be able to get back here looking like some ready money, anyhow—but my day for getting hunk came around.

"I was hitching up the four one morning when the bunch of tourists hopped up to the Burning Lake on my wagon came laughing and chatting to the barn from the inter-island steamer. I knew one of them as soon as I popped my lamps on him. He was the bookie who had welched on my \$300 to \$20 ticket on the camel. Say, he didn't have a one on that was less'n four cents. I didn't make myself known to him, and he was too busy being gallant to the five women to notice me.

"This," said I to myself, as I climbed onto the box and picked up the reins, 'is my last trip up.'

"I got the coach up all right as usual. My bookie man was sitting well up forward, and through the open windows beneath me I could hear him telling the man next to him how he'd had the biggest season of his experience on the block—how only about 18 per cent of the favorites had reached the wire first, and the remaining 82 per cent had handed the dough over to the books by the hatful.

"The tourists all climbed out when I hauled the coach up in front of the Volcano House, and separated into little groups. I never took my eye off my bookie man. After about an hour, when dinner was over, and the party was waiting to descend to the sides of the crater on pony back, the bookie walked a couple of hundred yards away from the hotel to examine a spot where vapor was rising from a hole in the ground. It was a yellow sulphur pit, as hot as molten lead. He stood there, looking into it. I was right after him, and I did such a good gumshoe stunt that he didn't know there was anybody around until I had him right by the collar. We were screened from the view of the people on the hotel porch by a bunch of scrub, half baked trees.

"He wheeled about as pale as a spook, when I got that quick clutch on his collar. Did he know me? In a second, or less!

"Ombrey," I said to him, 'it 'ud give me a sight more satisfaction to just dump you into that pit—and no one 'ud ever be the wiser—than to collect the \$20. But I need the money. Dig!

"He dug. He passed it over in eight centuries and a twenty. I slackened my grasp on his collar and slapped him on each side of his countenance with my open palm.

"I drove the coach down to Hilo the next day, resigned my job with a mutual exchange of regrets, and two days later I was in a cabin next to the skipper's on the steamer Australia, Honolulu to San Francisco. In sixteen days from the morning I left Honolulu I was making the rounds of all the flats I knew in New York, and doing my share of re-stocking the refrigerators.

"If you want to get hunk, all you've got to do is to just wait, all day, dryly concluded Frank No. 27 of the Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates.

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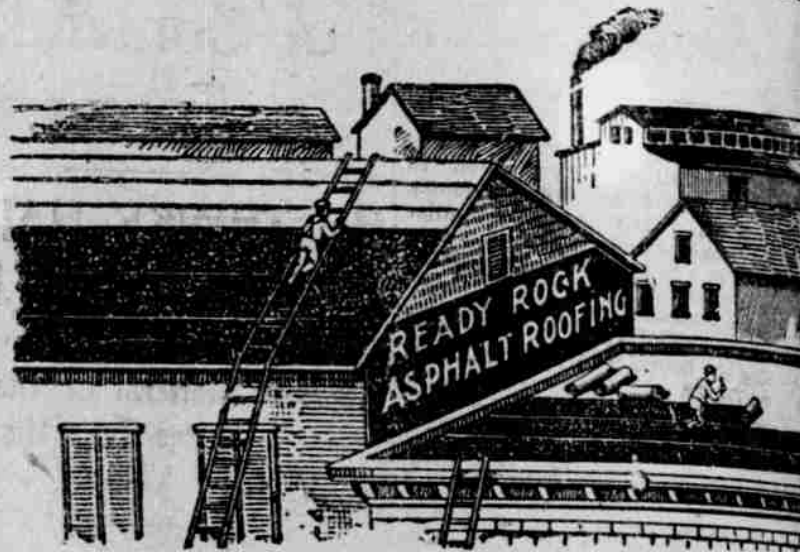
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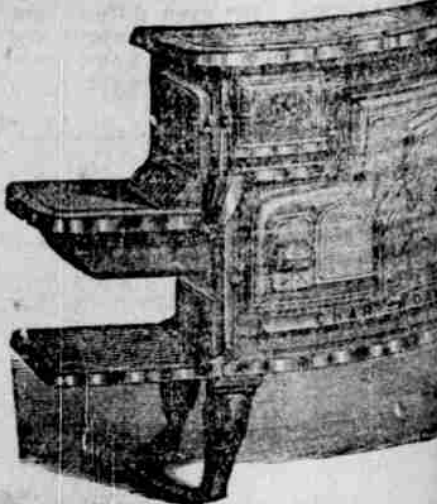
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